

JUNE



(G)

KING

1!

No5

of the Royal Mounted



Registered in Australia
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as a periodical.

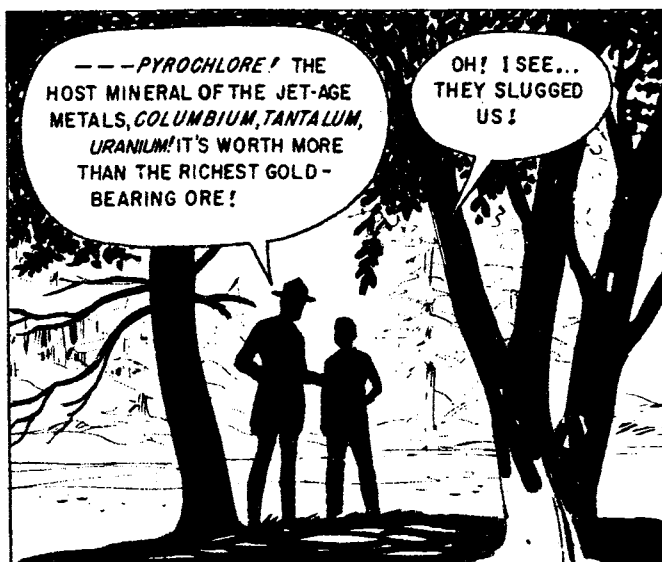
ZANE GREY'S
KING
of the
ROYAL MOUNTED
AND
THE MENACE OF
HALF-MOON ISLAND



MMMMH... UHH..
 KING! WHERE
 ARE YOU?

RIGHT HERE,
 KID! HOW DOES
 THAT HEAD FEEL?

IT ACHES---LIKE FURY! AND,
 FOR SOME REASON---- I CAN'T SEE
 YOU CLEARLY ... KING! WHAT HAPPENED?
 THE LAST I REMEMBER, WE'D FOUND THE
 TENT OF THOSE DEER POACHERS ON
 HALF-MOON ISLAND---- AND SOME
 FUNNY-LOOKING ROCK SPECIMENS...



---PYROCHLORE! THE
 MOST MINERAL OF THE JET-AGE
 METALS, COLUMBIUM, TANTALUM,
 URANIUM! IT'S WORTH MORE
 THAN THE RICHEST GOLD-
 BEARING ORE!

OH! I SEE...
 THEY SLUGGED
 US!

BUT--- SOMETHING
 IS QUEER WITH MY EYSIGHT,
 KING! YOU'RE ALL BLURRY!
 WHAT---?

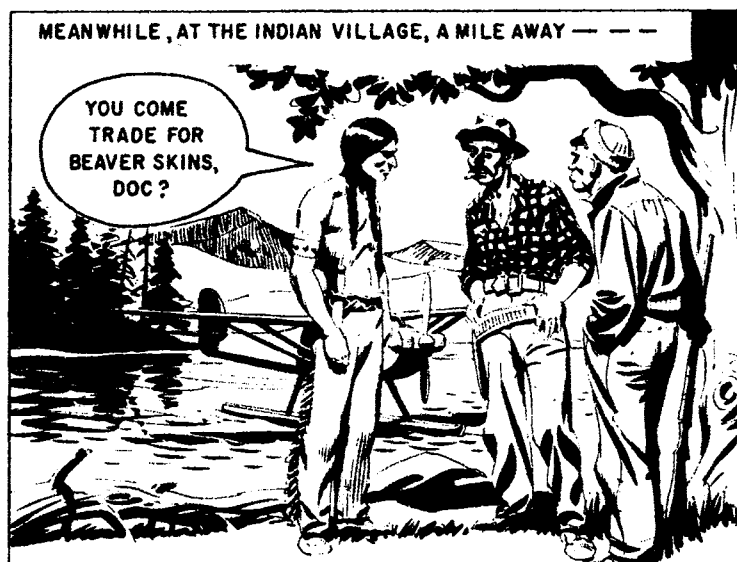
LIQUID BLINDFOLD,
 KID! THAT'S WHAT THE
 MEN WHO SLUGGED
 US PUT IN OUR EYES!
 IT'S HARMLESS---
 THE SAME MEDICINE
 AN EYE DOCTOR USES...

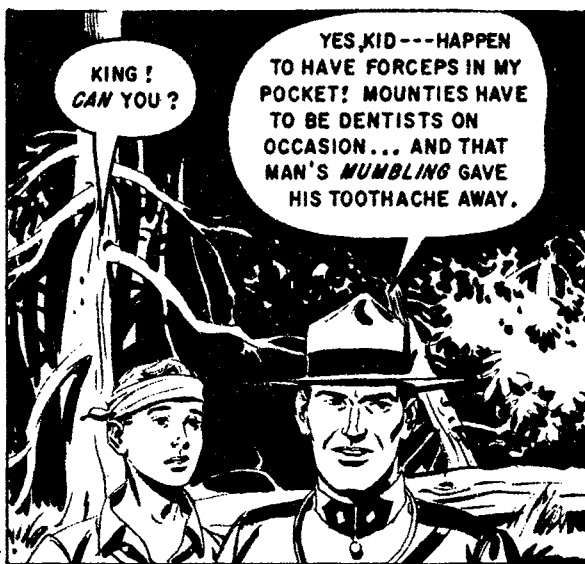
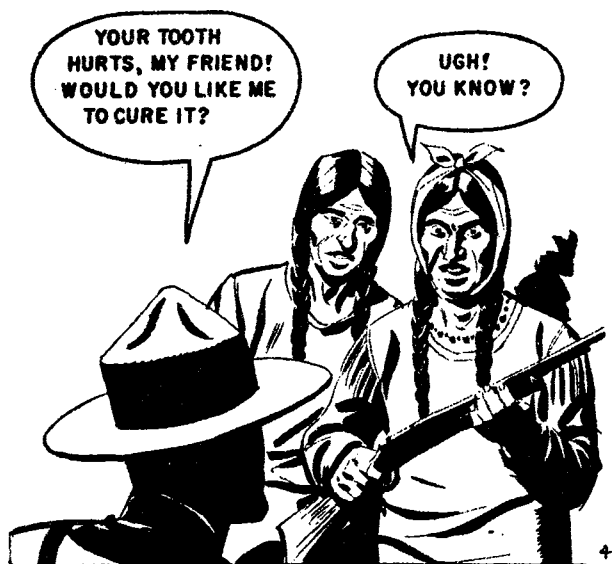


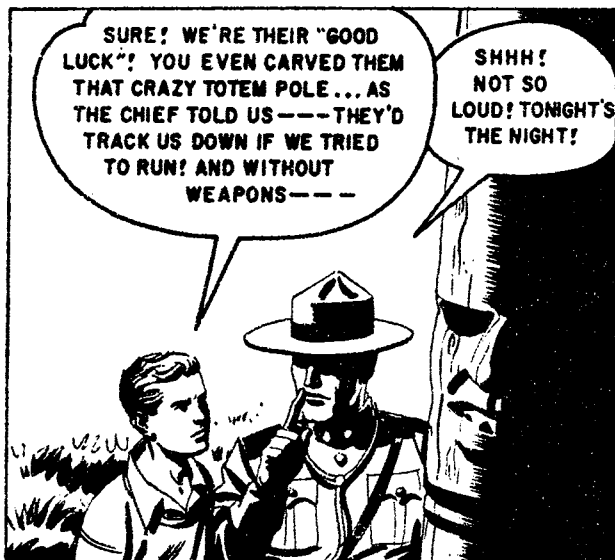
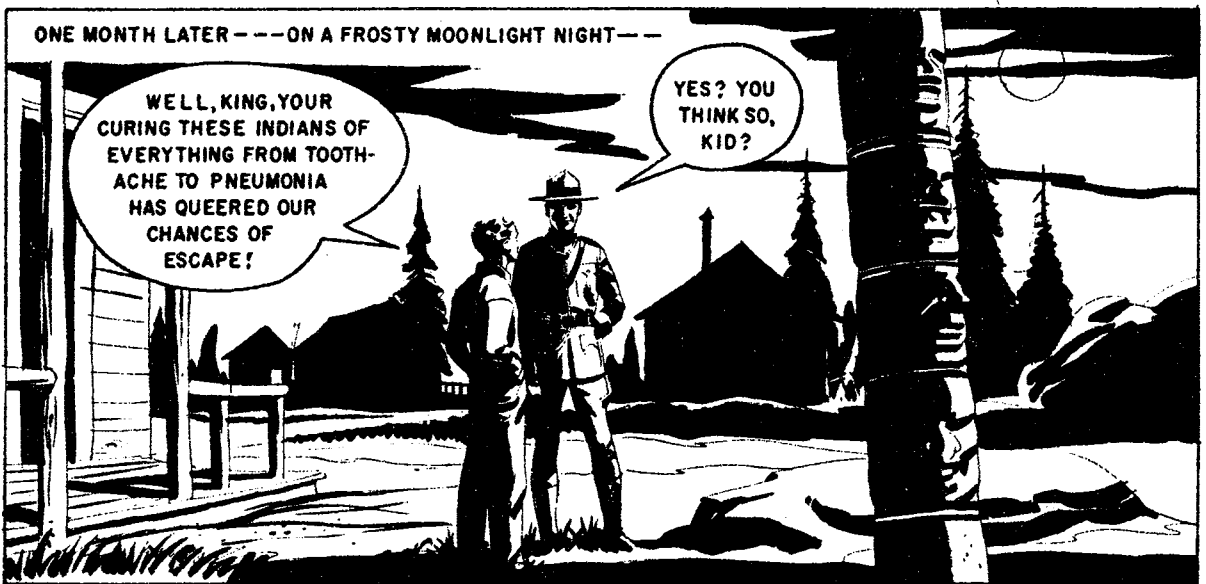
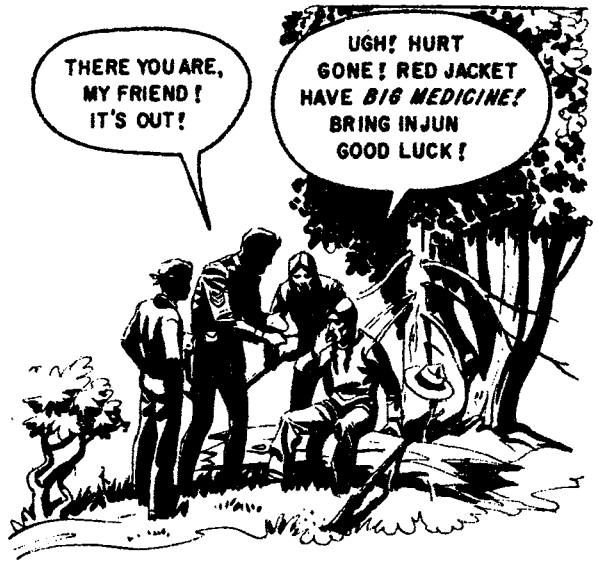
IN TWO OR
 THREE DAYS WE'LL
 SEE CLEARLY AGAIN;
 BUT UNTIL THEN, WE'D
 NEVER FIND OUR
 WAY OUT OF THE
 BUSH!

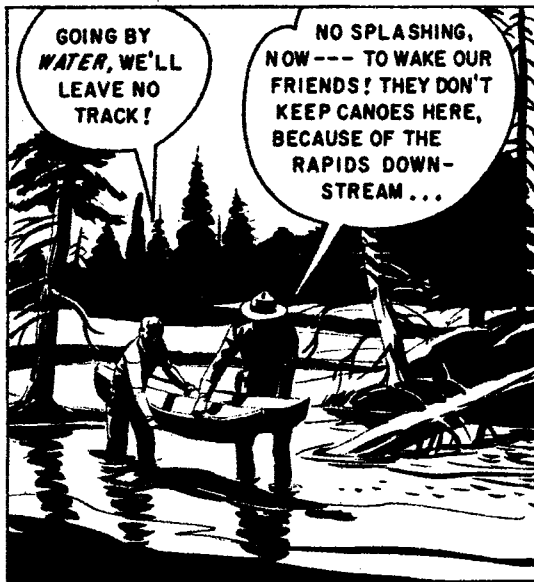
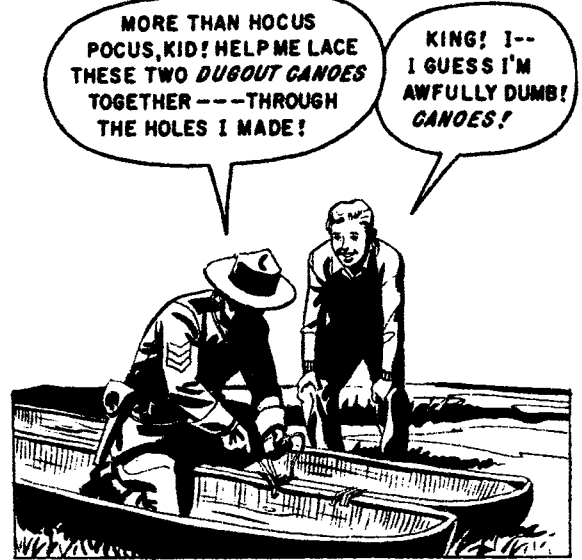
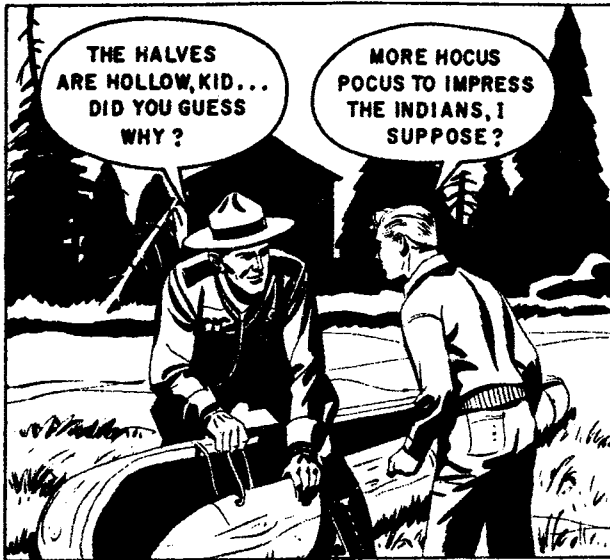
WOW!
 I'LL SAY WE
 WOULDN'T!
 BUT, KING,
 WHERE ARE
 WE?

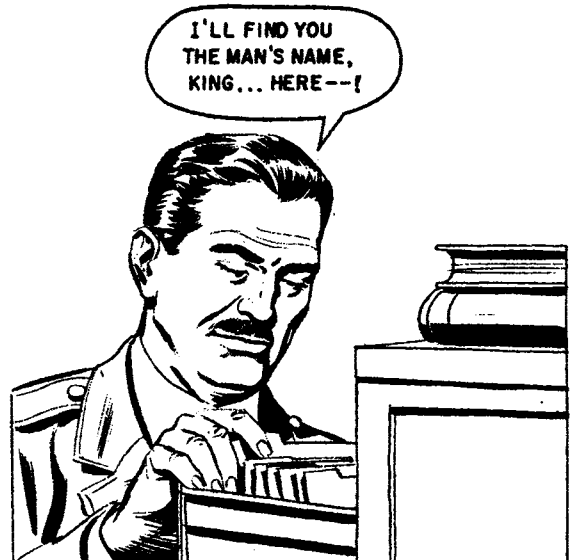
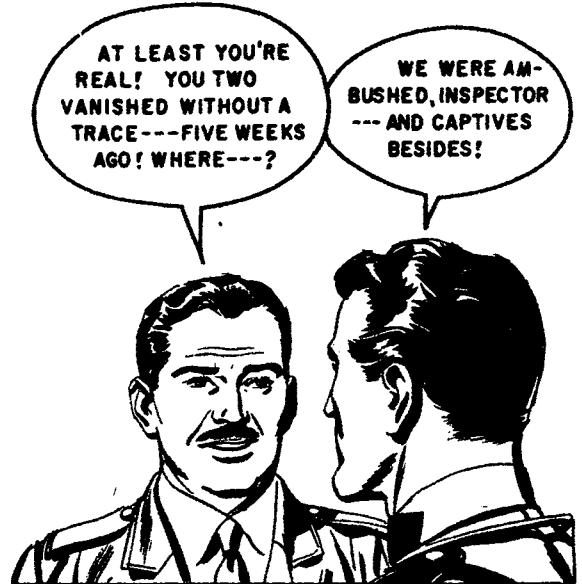




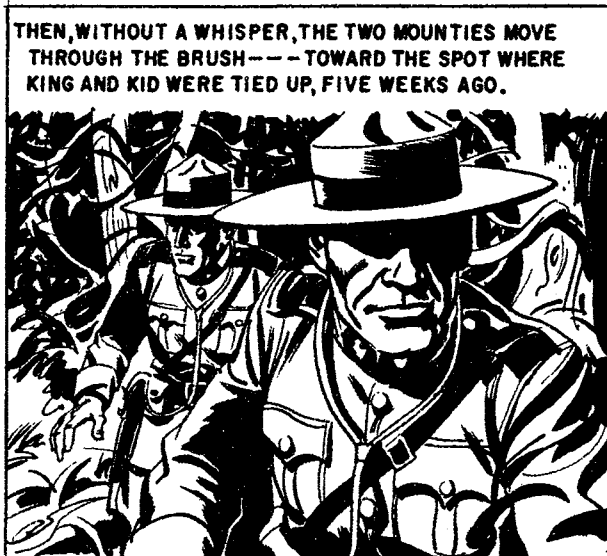
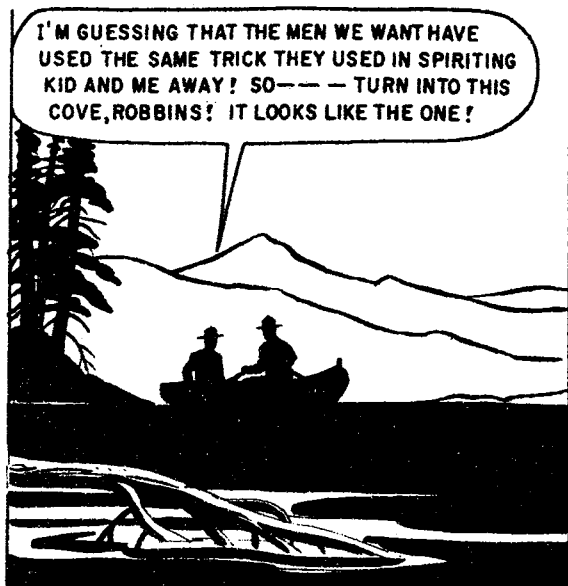


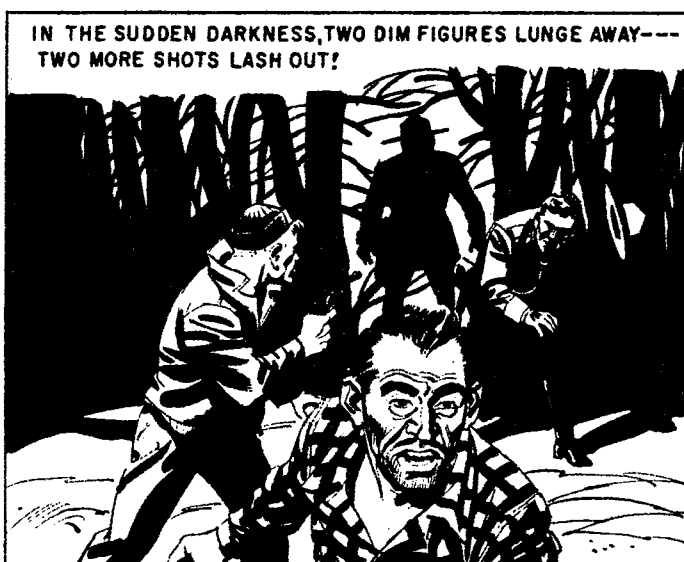
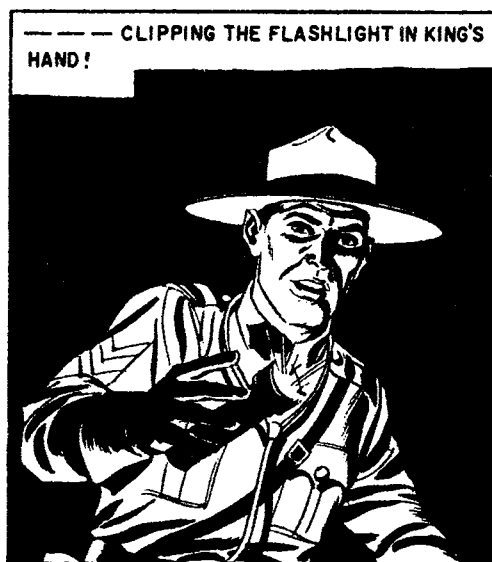












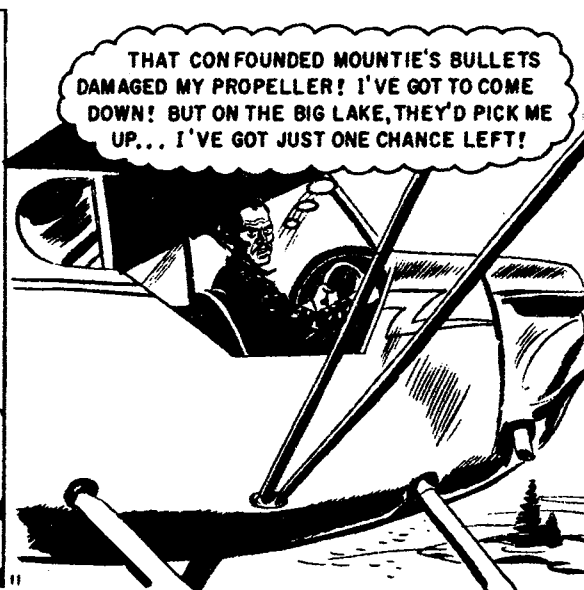
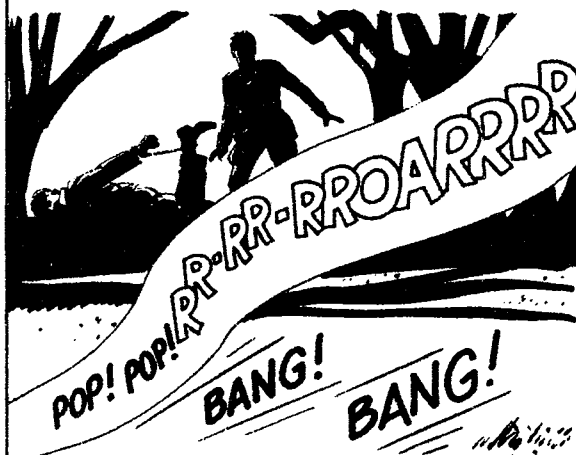
BUT MONK IS NOT QUICK ENOUGH! KING'S HUNDRED AND EIGHTY POUNDS HITS HIM IN A FLYING TACKLE.



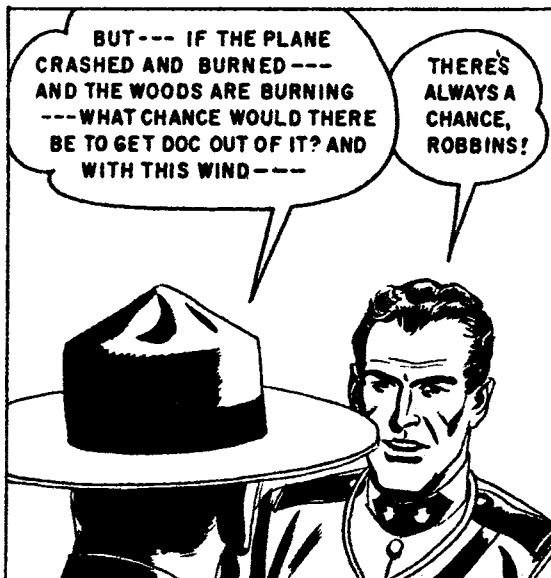
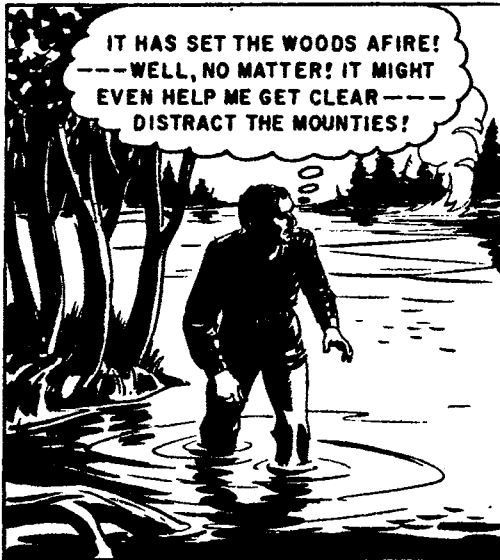
RECALLING THE TWO UNANSWERED SHOTS FROM
MONK'S PISTOL, KING CALLS OUT. . .



--- BUT BEFORE ANY ANSWER CAN COME, THE SHATTERING ROAR OF THE PLANE'S ENGINE BREAKS OUT, AND PISTOL SHOTS.

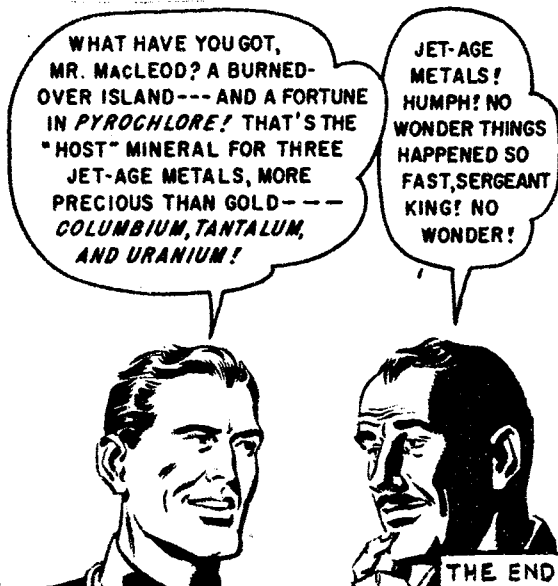
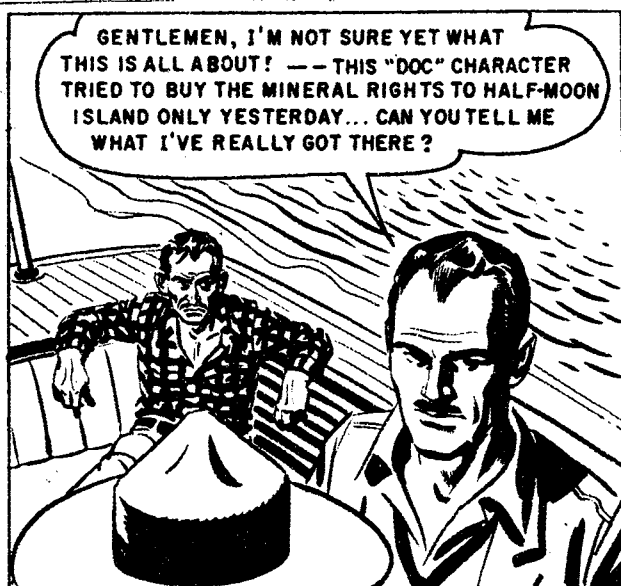
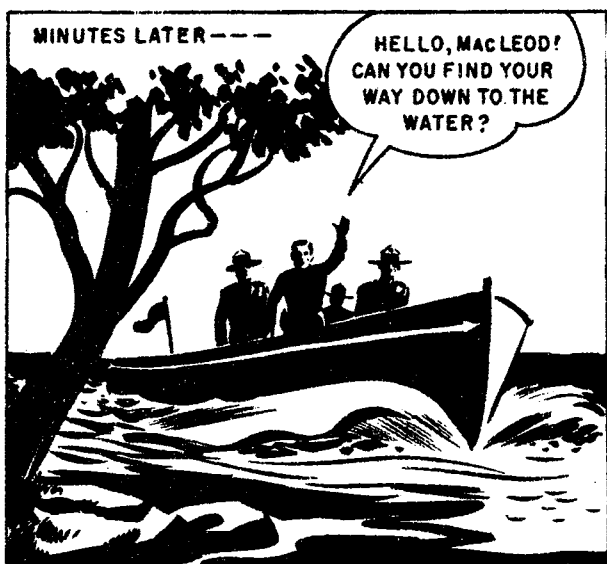


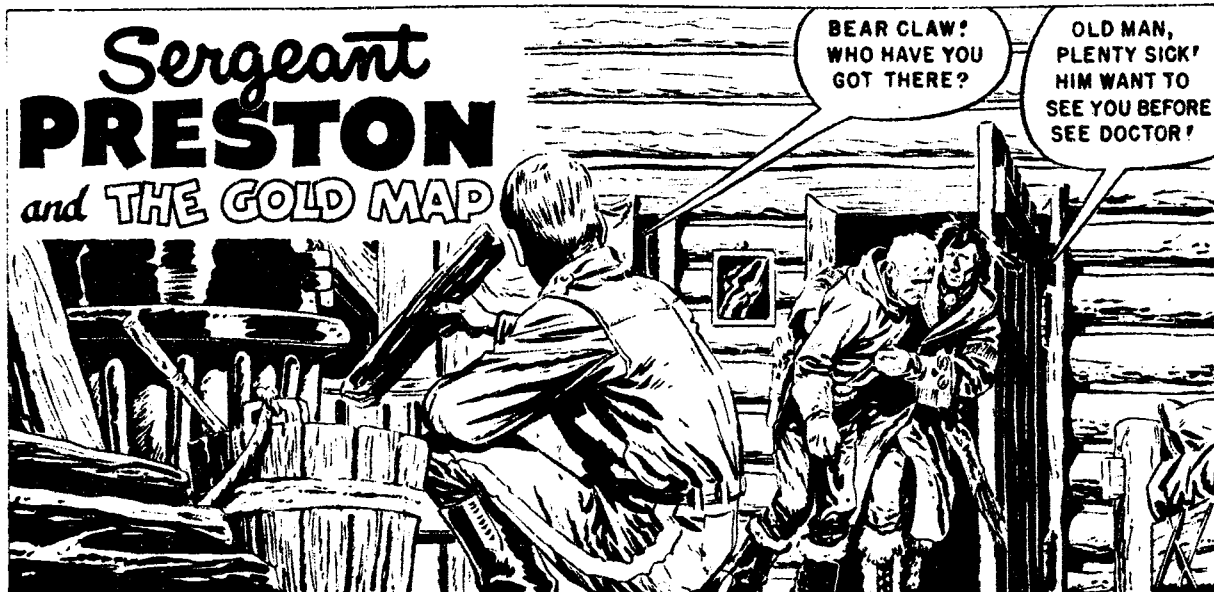












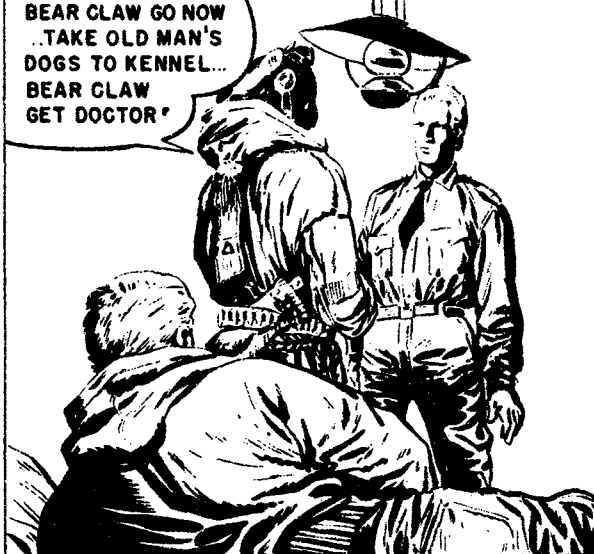
IN RAPID SUCCESSION, CONSTABLE TOM DIAMOND GIVES ORDERS, ASKS QUESTIONS...

LAY HIM HERE, BEAR CLAW! HE LOOKS FEVERISH! TELL ME, WHERE DID YOU FIND HIM?

ON TRAIL, NEAR TOWN!



BEAR CLAW GO NOW... TAKE OLD MAN'S DOGS TO KENNEL... BEAR CLAW GET DOCTOR!



I'M JOE BASS---MINER! STRUCK IT RICH TWO MONTHS AGO! HEADED FOR TOWN TO MEET MY SON---HE'S DUE THREE DAYS FROM NOW (COUGH!)



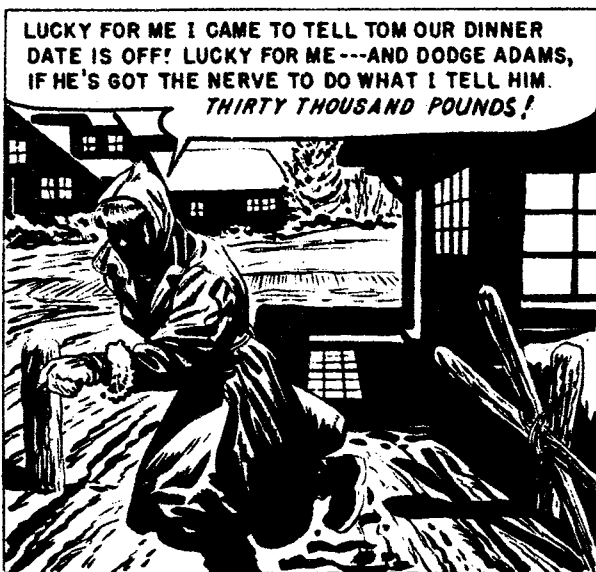
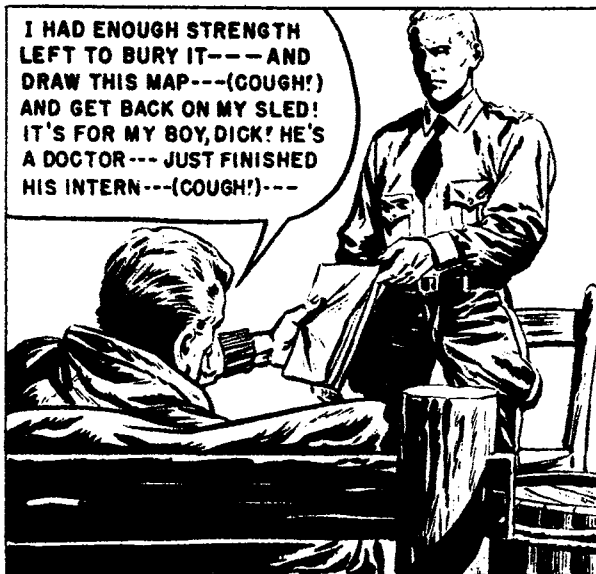
TAKE IT EASY, JOE! YOU'RE PRETTY WEAK..

AT THAT MOMENT, CLARE BRISTOL, A SINGER IN THE CAFÉ, ENTERS BY WAY OF TOM'S WOODSHED..

GOT PNEUMONIA... CAN'T WAIT. GOT TO TELL YOU THIS BEFORE I CASH IN! I GOT SICK ON THE TRAIL... HAD THIRTY THOUSAND IN GOLD PACKED ON MY SLED.



THIRTY THOUSAND--- OHH! THIS I MUST HEAR!



TOM WILL HAVE THAT MAPON HIM ---WHEN HE MAKES HIS EVENING PATROL OF THE TOWN, TWO HOURS FROM NOW! THAT'S YOUR CHANCE, DODGE! BUT YOU'LL CUT ME IN, FIFTY-FIFTY, OR ELSE ---



ALL RIGHT, CLARE! TWO HOURS FROM NOW

MEANWHILE ---IN THE CONSTABLE'S OFFICE---

SORRY, TOM! THERE WASN'T ANYTHING I COULD DO TO SAVE BASS---HE WAS DYING OF PNEUMONIA WHEN HE ARRIVED HERE!

I DON'T DOUBT THAT, DOCTOR! ONLY---IT WILL BE HARD NEWS FOR HIS BOY TO TAKE!



TWO HOURS LATER, CONSTABLE DIAMOND, ON PATROL, IS UNAWARE OF ANY PARTICULAR DANGER. WHEN ---

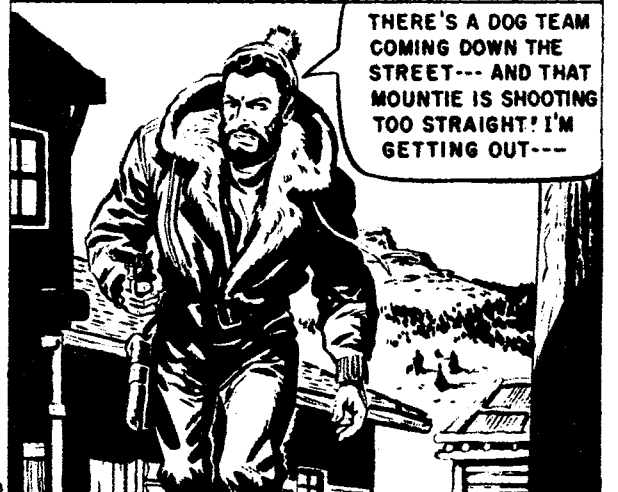


SUDDEN GUN FLAME SPURTS FROM A DARK ALLEY

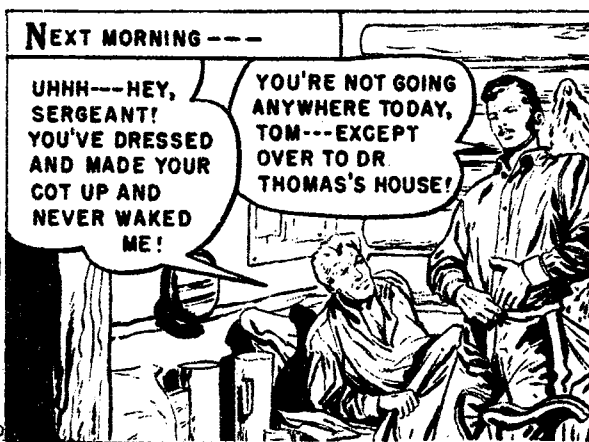
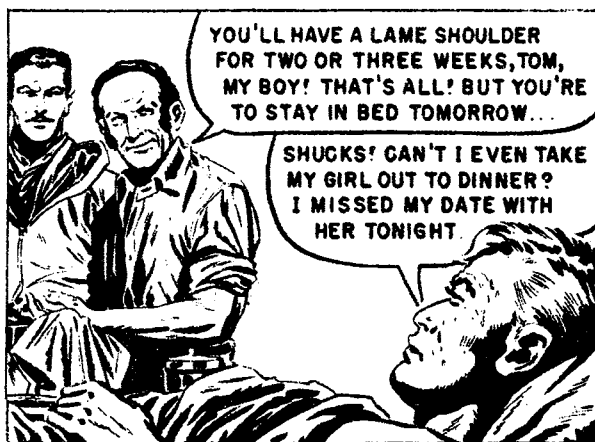
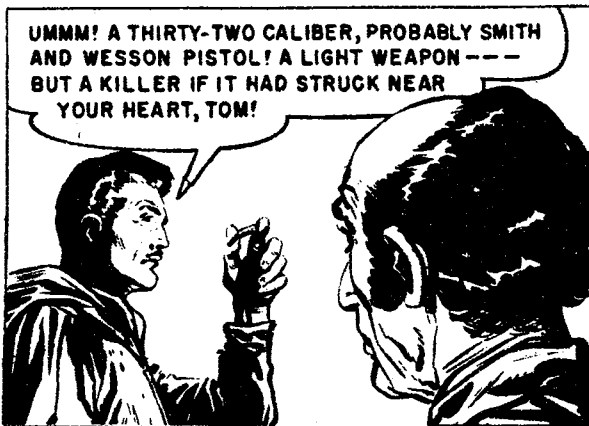
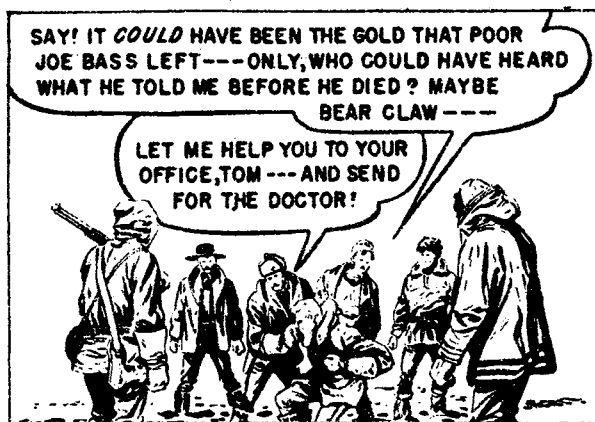


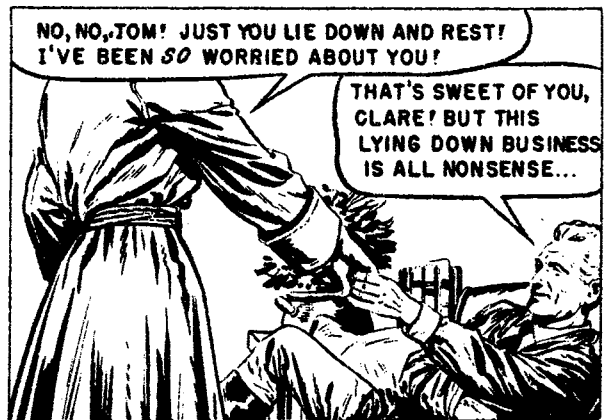
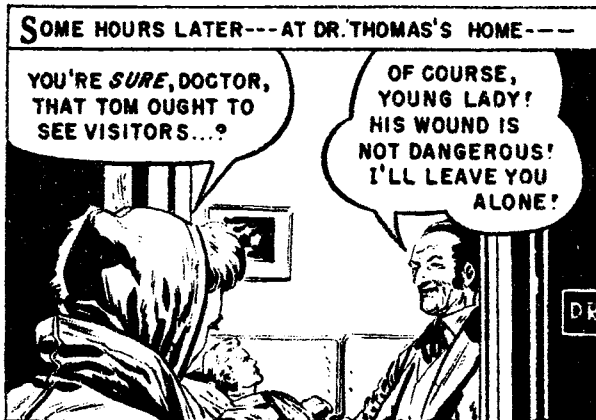
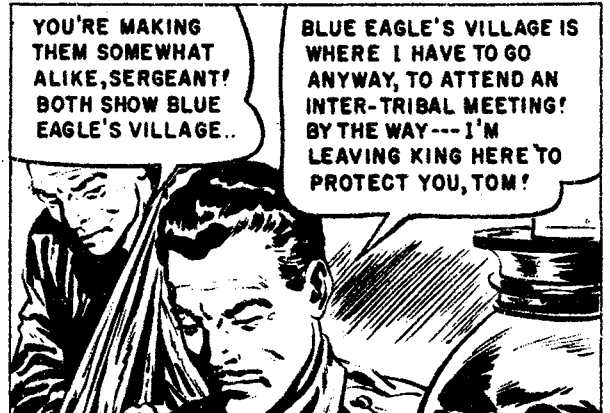
DOWN AND HURT, TOM DIAMOND RETURNS HIS ATTACKER'S FIRE...

HASTILY, DODGE ADAMS BEATS A RETREAT DOWN THE DARK ALLEY.



THERE'S A DOG TEAM COMING DOWN THE STREET--- AND THAT MOUNTIE IS SHOOTING TOO STRAIGHT! I'M GETTING OUT---





IT'S NOT NONSENSE! ANY MAN WITH A BULLET HOLE IN HIS SHOULDER NEEDS REST! I'M SO GLAD THAT SERGEANT PRESTON IS HERE TO DO YOUR WORK, TOM...



HE'S *NOT* DOING MY WORK, CLARE! HE'S AWAY ON INDIAN BUSINESS!

DON'T WORRY ANY MORE ABOUT ME! I'LL BE TAKING YOU TO DINNER, DAY AFTER TOMORROW!



IT'S A DATE, TOM--- IF YOU *ARE* WELL ENOUGH! 'BYE!

BACK IN THE CAFÉ--- WITH NEWS---

TOM TOLD ME WHERE IT IS, DODGE! IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN HIS OFFICE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BREAK IN THERE TONIGHT---

"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY TRY AGAIN," EH? VERY WELL...



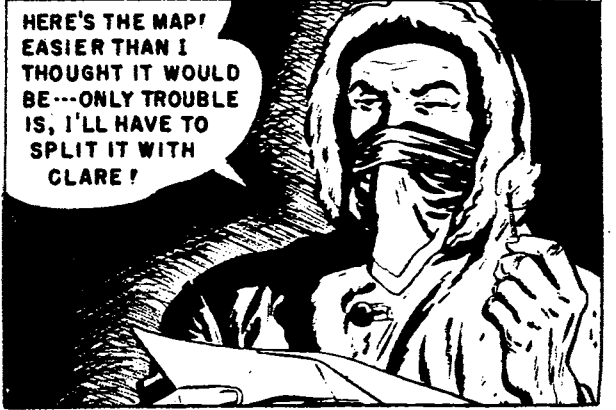
THAT EVENING, DESPITE THE NEW LOCK, DODGE ADAMS'S STEEL "JIMMY" OPENS THE UNWATCHED OFFICE DOOR...



HUMPH! RIGHT IN THE TOP DRAWER --- WITH "RICHARD BASS" WRITTEN ON IT! THAT WILL BE THE OLD MAN'S SON! SO---



HERE'S THE MAP! EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE---ONLY TROUBLE IS, I'LL HAVE TO SPLIT IT WITH CLARE!



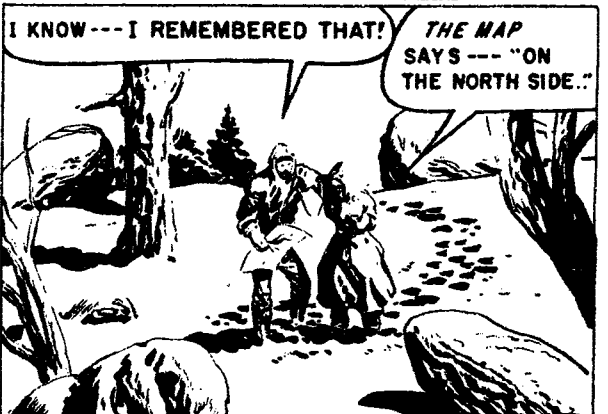
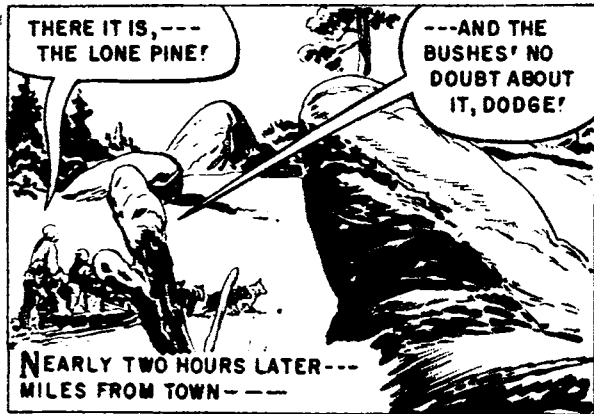
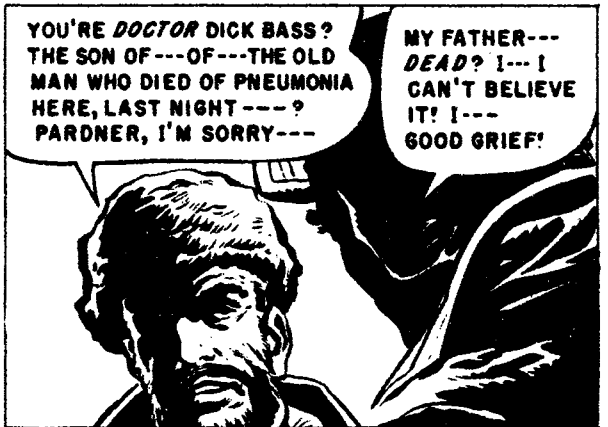
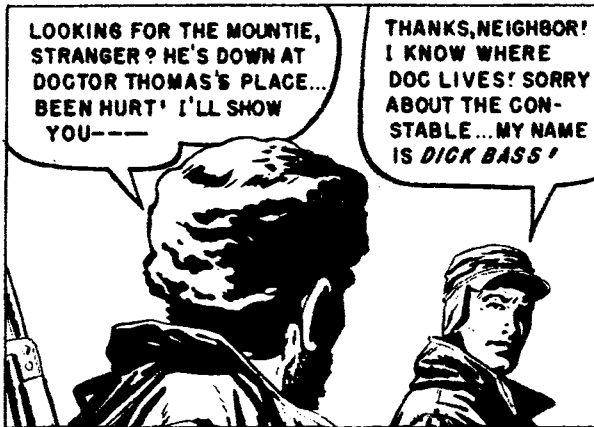
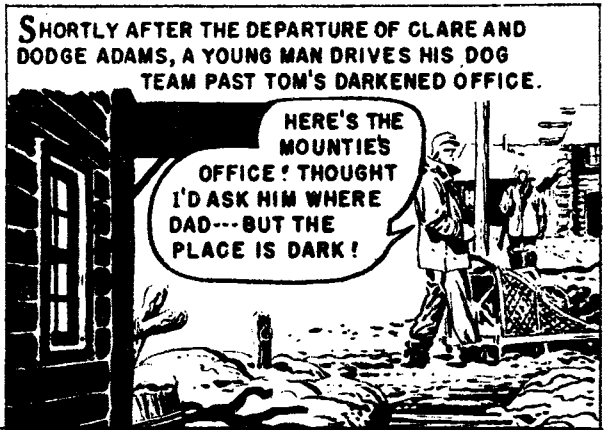
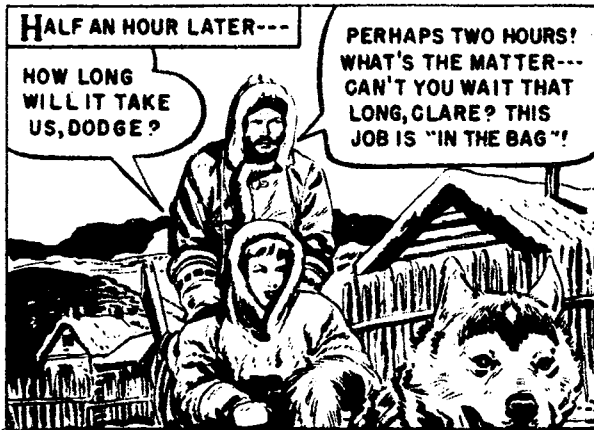
DODGE! THAT THIRTY THOUSAND CACHE IS *OURS*! LOOK! YOU FOLLOW THIS TRAIL TO HALF A MILE FROM BLUE EAGLE'S VILLAGE---WHERE A LONE PINE TREE STANDS---WITH A CLUMP OF SASKATOON BUSHES---

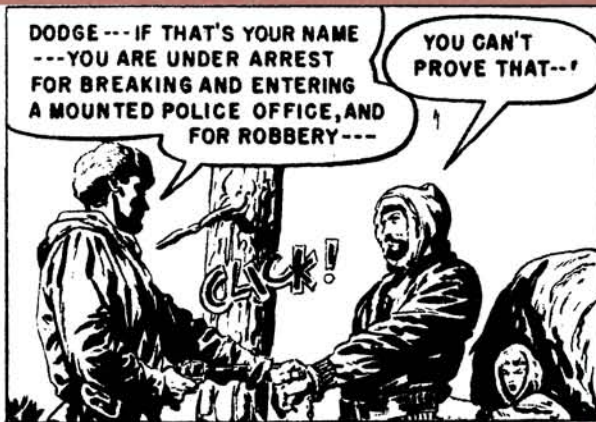


YOU GO NOW AND GET YOUR DOG TEAM HARNESSSED, DODGE! I'VE GOT TO SING ANOTHER SONG IN THE CAFÉ IN TEN MINUTES---THEN I'M FREE FOR THE EVENING---

ALL RIGHT--- IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES, I'LL MEET YOU, CLARE.







DODGE --- IF THAT'S YOUR NAME
--- YOU ARE UNDER ARREST
FOR BREAKING AND ENTERING
A MOUNTED POLICE OFFICE, AND
FOR ROBBERY ---

YOU CAN'T
PROVE THAT--!



I CAN --- WITH THIS *FAKE* MAP
WHICH YOU STOLE ---

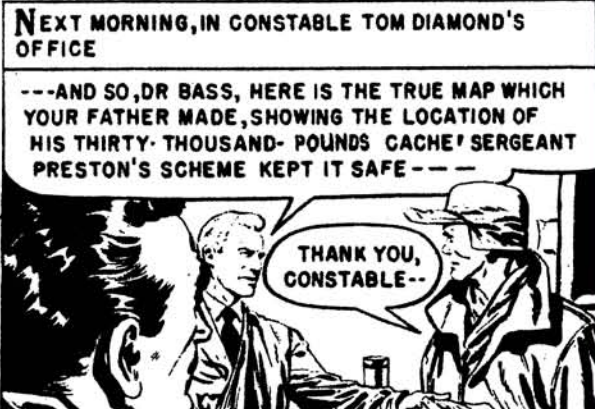


--- FROM THE CONSTABLE'S DESK
DRAWER ' I DREW IT MYSELF '

YOU ---
YOU ---
WHAT °



AS I WAS SAYING, DODGE --- THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING YOU FAILED TO REMEMBER: THAT THE
MOUNTED POLICE *ALWAYS* KEEP A TRUST ---
SUCH AS THE *REAL* MAP WHICH JOE BASS
LEFT IN CONSTABLE DIAMOND'S CARE '
NOW GET ON YOUR SLED! WE'RE GOING
BACK TO TOWN '



NEXT MORNING, IN CONSTABLE TOM DIAMOND'S
OFFICE

--- AND SO, DR BASS, HERE IS THE TRUE MAP WHICH
YOUR FATHER MADE, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF
HIS THIRTY-THOUSAND- POUNDS CACHE ' SERGEANT
PRESTON'S SCHEME KEPT IT SAFE ---

THANK YOU,
CONSTABLE--



--- AND KING AND I NEED TO BE ON OUR
WAY --- BACK TO THE CHIEFS AT BLUE
EAGLE'S VILLAGE --- SINCE *THIS*
CASE IS CLOSED '



AND THANKS TO YOU, SERGEANT PRESTON ' IF ONLY
DAD WERE GOING TO SHARE THIS GOLD WITH ME --
BUT HE WILL ' I'M GOING TO BUILD A SMALL
HOSPITAL HERE IN HIS MEMORY !

SPLENDID IDEA,
DOCTOR BASS '